

WIN SENATE FIGHT

SHARP CLASH OVER "PORK BARREL" BILL AT END—MEASURE RECOMMENDED.

TO PRUNE TO \$20,000,000

Bankhead and Fifteen Others Join Republican Opponents, Thus Bringing About Collapse in Struggle to Pass Proposition Carrying Enormous Sum for River Work.

Washington, D. C.—Sixteen Democratic senators accomplished the overthrow of the rivers and harbors appropriation bill and crowned with victory a filibuster against the measure discussed by Senator Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio.

WAR CLOUDS IN MEXICO.

Situation in Sonora is Causing Some Concern.

El Paso, Tex.—War clouds again hang over northern Mexico in spite of official denials from all sources except officials at Mexico City.

It was learned definitely that Benjamin Hill, commanding constitutionalist troops in Sonora, has not been ordered to move from his post by Carranza.

Indications were that he would combat Villa's invasion of the state. In doing this he also will have to meet the Yaqui Indian troops of Gov. Jose Maytorena, who has begun an open revolt against the central government.

Gen. Villa will not take part in person in the convention of chiefs which Carranza has called for October 1 at the national capital. This was announced in a telegram addressed to the Associated Press from Luis Bonafides, Villa's secretary.

Master Plumbers Under Investigation. Erie, Pa.—United States District Attorney E. Lowry Humes has begun an investigation here into alleged agreements between the Master Plumbers' association and manufacturers of plumbers' supplies, which are held to be in restraint of trade.

Cloudburst Washes Away Houses. Fay, Ariz.—One man, Wayne Dengler, lost his life here in a cloudburst which swept through the main street of this town, washing away houses and cutting off the main water supply pipe line.

Lillian Russell Taken to Hospital. Pittsburgh, Pa.—Lillian Russell, the actress, who is Mrs. A. P. Moore in private life, was taken to a hospital suffering from an attack of appendicitis to undergo an operation.

Body Identified. Chicago.—The woman found on a country road near Kottawa Wis., with the veins in wrist cut, was identified as Miss Esther Crawford, for twenty-five years an instructor in the public schools in Iowa.

Shoot Cashier; Get Money. Chicago.—Three robbers entered the Franklin Park Savings bank, located in a suburb, fatally shot the assistant cashier, and escaped in an automobile with an unknown sum of money.

Chicago.—Dr. S. M. Robin, an attaché of the city health department, and Dr. Edward Singer were arrested by federal officials, charged with having used the mails to defraud the Woodmen of the World, a fraternal insurance company of Omaha, Neb. Postal authorities declared they believed they had unearthed frauds of more than \$15,000.

DRIVEN TO ATROCITIES, GERMAN COMMANDER TELLS CORRESPONDENT

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL. (By Cable to The Chicago Tribune.)

Headquarters in the Field of the Ninth Imperial Army, Chateau Lafere, near Renais, Belgium.—Three weeks ago the government of Belgium requested me to place before the American people a list of specific and authenticated atrocities committed by the German armies upon Belgian non-combatants.

Today General von Boehn, commanding the Ninth Imperial field army, acting mouthpiece of the German general staff, has asked me to place before the American people the German version of the incidents in question.

So far as I am aware I am the only correspondent in the present war who has motored for an entire day through the ranks of the advancing German army, who has dined as a guest of the German army commander and his staff, and who has had the progress of the army on the march arrested in order to obtain photographs of the German troops.

This unusual experience came about in a curious and roundabout way. Invited by General Von Boehn, after an encounter in the streets of Ghent last Tuesday between a German military automobile and a Belgian armored car, in which two German soldiers were wounded, American Vice Consul Van Hee persuaded the burgomaster to accompany him immediately to the headquarters of General von Boehn to explain the circumstances and ask that the city should not be held responsible for the unfortunate affair.

In the course of the conversation with Mr. Van Hee General von Boehn remarked that copies of papers containing articles written by Alexander Powell criticizing the German treatment of the Belgian civil population had come to his attention and said he regretted he could not have an opportunity to talk with Powell and give him the German version.

Mr. Van Hee said by a fortunate coincidence I happened to be in Ghent, whereupon the general asked him to bring me out to dinner the following day, and issued a safe conduct through the German lines.

Though nothing was said about a photographer, I took with me Photographer Donald Thompson. As there was some doubt regarding the propriety of taking a Belgian driver into the German lines, I drove the car myself.

In Midst of Kaiser's Men. Half a mile out of Sothehem our road debouched into the great highway which leads through Lille to Paris. We suddenly found ourselves in the midst of the German army. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

Far as the eye could see stretched solid columns of marching men, pressing westward, ever westward. The army was advancing in three mighty columns along three parallel roads. These dense masses of moving men in their elusive blue gray uniforms looked for all the world like three monstrous serpents crawling across the countryside.

American flags which fluttered from our windshield proved a passport in themselves and as we approached the close locked ranks they parted to let us through.

For five solid hours, traveling always at express train speed, we motored between the walls of the marching men. In time the constant shuffle of boots and the rhythmic swing of gray-clad arms and shoulders grew maddening and I became obsessed with the fear that I would send the car plowing into the human wedge on either side.

Miles of German Soldiers. It seemed that the ranks never would end, and as far as we were concerned they never did, for we never saw or heard the end of that mighty column.

We passed regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade of infantry, and after them hussars, ulans, cuirassiers, field batteries, more infantry, more field guns, ambulances, then sledge guns, each drawn by 30 horses, engineers, telephone corps, pontoon wagons, armored motor cars, more ulans, the sunlight gleaming on their forest of lances, more infantry in spiked helmets, all sweeping by as irrefragable as a mighty river, with their faces turned toward France.

This was the Ninth field army and composed the very flower of the empire, including the magnificent troops of the Imperial guard. It was first and last a fighting army. The men were all young. They struck me as being keen as razors and as hard as nails. The horses were magnificent. They could not have been better. The field guns of the Imperial guard were almost twice the size of any used by our army.

Thirty-two Horses Draw Howitzer. But the most interesting of all, of course, were the five gigantic howitzers, each drawn by 16 pairs of horses. These howitzers can tear a city to pieces at a distance of a dozen miles. Every contingency seems to have been foreseen. Nothing was left to chance or overlooked. Maps of Belgium, with which every soldier is provided, are the finest examples of topography I have ever seen. Every path, every farm building, every clump of trees, and every twig is shown.

On one place a huge army wagon containing a complete printing press was drawn up beside the road and a morning edition of Deutsche Kreiter Zeitung was being printed. I distributed the passing men. It contained nothing but accounts of German victories, of which I never had heard, but it seemed greatly to cheer the men.

Field kitchens with smoke pouring from their stovepipes rumbled down the lines, serving steaming soup and coffee to the marching men, who held out tin cups and had them filled without once breaking step. Covered Wagons Hide Machine Guns. There were wagons filled with army cobbler, sitting cross-legged on the floor, who were mending soldiers' shoes just as if they were back in their little shops in the fatherland. Other wagons, to all appearances ordinary two wheeled farm carts, hid under their arched canvas covers nine machine guns which could instantly be brought into action.

The medical corps was as magnificent as businesslike. It was as perfectly equipped and as efficient as a great city hospital.

Men on bicycles with a coil of insulated wire slung between them strung a field telephone from tree to tree so the general commanding could converse with any part of the 50 miles long column.

The whole army never sleeps. When half is resting the other half is advancing. The soldiers are treated as if they were valuable machines which must be speeded up to the highest possible efficiency. Therefore, they are well fed, well shod, well clothed, and worked as a negro teamster works mules.

Only men who are well cared for can march 35 miles a day week in and week out. Only once did I see a man mistreated. A sentry on duty in front of the general headquarters failed to salute an officer with sufficient promptness, whereupon the officer lashed him again and again across the face with a riding whip. Though wet to the skin with every blow, the soldier stood rigidly at attention and never quivered.

Finally Reaches Von Boehn. It was considerably past midday and we were within a few miles of the French frontier when we saw a guidon, which signifies the presence of the head of the army, planted at the entrance of a splendid old chateau. As we passed through the iron gates and whirled up the stately tree-lined drive and drew up in front of the terrace a dozen officers in staff uniform came running out to meet us. For a few minutes it felt as if we were being welcomed at a country house in America instead of at the headquarters of the German army in the field. So perfect was the field telephone service that the staff had been able to keep in touch with our progress along the lines and were waiting dinner for us.

After dinner we grouped ourselves on the terrace in the self-conscious attitude people always assume when having their pictures taken, and Thompson made some photographs. They probably are the only ones of this war, at least of a German general and an American war correspondent who was not under arrest.

Then we gathered about the table, on which was spread a staff map of the war area, and got down to serious business. The general began by asserting that the stories of atrocities perpetrated on Belgian non-combatants were a tissue of lies.

"Look at these officers about you," he said. "They are gentlemen like yourself. Look at the soldiers marching past in the road out there. Most of them are fathers of families. Surely you don't believe they would do the things they have been accused of."

Explains Aerschot Crimes. "Three days ago, general," I said, "I was in Aerschot. The whole town now is but a ghastly, blackened, blood-stained ruin."

"When we entered Aerschot the son of the burgomaster came into the room, drew a revolver, and assassinated my chief of staff," the general said. "What followed was only retribution. The townspeople only got what they deserved."

"But why wreak your vengeance on women and children?" "None has been killed," the general asserted positively. "I am sorry to contradict you, general," I asserted with equal positiveness, "but I have myself seen their bullet-riddled bodies. So has Mr. Ginson, secretary of the American legation at Brussels, who was present during the destruction of Louvain."

"Of course, there always is danger of women and children being killed during street fighting," said General von Boehn. "If they insist on coming into the street. It is unfortunate, but it is war."

Data Startles General. "But how about a woman's body I saw, with her hands and feet cut off? How about a white-haired man and his son whom I helped bury outside Sempsad, who had been killed merely because a retreating Belgian had shot a German soldier outside their house? There were 22 bayonet wounds on the old man's face. I counted them. How about the little girl two years old who was shot while in her mother's arms by a ulan, and whose funeral I attended at Beystodenberg? How about the old man who was hung from the rafters in his house by his hands and roasted to death by a bonfire being built under him?"

The general seemed somewhat taken aback by the amount and exactness of my data. "Such things are horrible, if true," he said. "Of course, our soldiers, like soldiers of all armies, sometimes get out of hand and do things which we would never tolerate if we knew it. At Louvain, for example, I sentenced two soldiers to 12 years' penal servitude apiece for assaulting a woman."

Louvain Library Incident. "Appropos of Louvain," I remarked, "why did you destroy the library? It was one of the literary storehouses of the world."

"We regretted that as much as any one else," answered the general. "It caught fire from burning houses and we could not save it."

"But why did you burn Louvain at all?" I asked. "Because the townspeople fired on our troops. We actually found machine guns in some of the houses."

And smashing his fist down on the table, he continued: "Whenever civilians fire upon our troops we will teach them a lasting lesson. If women and children insist on getting in the way of bullets, so much the worse for the women and children."

"How do you explain the bombardment of Antwerp by Zeppelins?" I queried. "Explains Zeppelin Bombs. 'Zeppelins have orders to drop their bombs only on fortifications and soldiers,' he answered."

"As a matter of fact," I remarked, "they only destroyed private houses and civilians, several of them women. If one of those bombs had dropped 200 yards nearer my hotel I wouldn't be smoking one of your excellent cigars today."

"This is a calamity which I think God didn't happen."

"If you feel for my safety as deeply as that, general," I said earnestly, "you can make quite sure of my coming to no harm by sending no more Zeppelins."

"Well," he said, laughing, "we will think about it." He continued gravely: "I trust you will tell the American people through your paper what I have told you today. Let them hear our side of this atrocity business. It is only justice that they should be made familiar with both sides of the question."

I have quoted my conversation with the general as nearly verbatim as I can remember it. I have no comments to make. I will leave it to my readers to decide for themselves just how convincing are the answers of the German general staff to the Belgian accusations.

Photographs German Army. Before we began our conversation I asked the general if Mr. Thompson might be permitted to take photographs of the great army passing. Five minutes later Thompson was whirled away in a military motor car cleared by an army officer who had attended the army school at Fort Riley. It seems they stopped the car beside the road in a place where the light was good, and when Thompson saw approaching a regiment or battery of which he wished a picture he would tell the officer, whereupon the officer would blow his whistle, and the whole column would halt.

"Just wait a few minutes until the dust settles," Thompson would remark, nonchalantly lighting a cigarette, and the Ninth Imperial army, whose columns stretched over the countryside as far as the eye could see would stand in its tracks until the air was sufficiently clear to get a picture.

Thus far the only one who has succeeded in halting the German army is this little photographer from Kansas. Show Thompson Gunners. As a field battery of the Imperial guard rumbled past, Thompson made some remark about the accuracy of the American gunners at Vera Cruz.

"Let us show you what our gunners can do," said the officer, and gave an order. There were more orders, a perfect volley of them, a bugle shrilled harshly, the eight horses strained against their collars, the drivers cracked their whips, and the gun left the road, bounded across a ditch, and swung into position in an adjacent field.

On a knoll three miles away an ancient windmill was beating the air with its huge wings. The shell hit the windmill fan and square and tore it into splinters.

"Good work," Thompson observed critically; "if those fellows of yours keep on they'll be able to get a job in the American navy after the war."

In all the annals of modern war I do not believe there is a parallel to this American war photographer halting the advancing army, leisurely photographing regiment after regiment, and then having a field gun of the Imperial guard go into action solely to gratify his curiosity.

Find English Leaders. According to a dispatch from a Daily Mail correspondent at Rouen the Germans have been able, with seemingly uncanny precision, to locate the headquarters of the British general staff, no matter where it moves.

Throughout ten days, beginning when the fighting was about Mons, the invaders poured shells close to the meeting point of the king's generals. It was the same thing when headquarters were at Donal and Landreles, whereupon Sir John French withdrew his position to Le Cateau. There it was the target of a terrific bombardment, which set fire to the town and burned it. The next move was to St. Quentin, where again the British headquarters were a mark for the German fire.

Canada has now a debt of \$516,714,649.

VOGUE OF THE SQUARE HOUSE

Economy in Building and in Heating Makes the Type Most Attractive.

STRUCTURE EASY TO ERECT

Construction Is Chiefly Plain, Straight Work, and With Proper Architectural Advice Matters Are Easy—Some Facts to Be Kept in Mind.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

There are perhaps more square houses built in the middle West than houses of any other style or design. By "square houses" is meant houses with plain, straight sides and square corners, in which the width nearly or quite equals the length. "Rectilinear," perhaps, would be a more accurate term, but that does not convey an impression of the square appearance that such houses have.

Economy in building and economy in heating, both have their influence. Houses of the "square" type range from 22 by 28 feet to 30 by 36 feet in size, and they contain from six to eight rooms—seldom less than six and seldom more than eight. They are built either full two stories, with an attic; or like this one, with some of the windows elevated above the eaves to admit light to the upper rooms.

This particular house is one of six rooms, 26 feet wide and about 27 feet 6 inches from front to rear. It is a very economical house to build. It is all plain, straight work, except the dormer windows; and these are as plain as they can be and still look well.

Such houses are so easily built that a great many of them are put up in country places without architectural plans; but that is, generally speaking, a mistake. Good working drawings are so cheap nowadays that no one can afford to take chances on haphazard work. You can always recognize houses that have been built after the



Second Floor Plan.

adopted or rejected according to the size of the house and the expense a person feels justified in going into; but the demands of health and comfort come first.

Machine Gun Fires 300 Shots a Minute. A new weapon has been provided for the United States army which is far more efficient than any heretofore adopted. It was invented and is used by the French military authorities, and already nearly one hundred have been purchased by the United States. The new gun, which is described in the Popular Mechanics magazine, weighs but 35 pounds and can easily be carried by a soldier. Two men are required to operate it, both of whom lie flat on the ground, presenting a small mark to the enemy. One man feeds the cartridges into the breach of the gun in clips of 25 each, while the other aims the weapon and directs the firing mechanism. The gun will fire separate shots or will operate automatically, in which case 300 shots may be fired per minute. At long range a third soldier ascertains the range by

the use of binoculars and reports the effect of the bullets.

Women Can Help in Politics. A good illustration of the way in which women are going to uphold the hands of good men in politics is furnished by Miss Fern Hobbs, the private secretary of Governor West of Oregon. She began life as a governess, then studied stenography, and finally took up law. She was admitted to the bar, and Governor West sent her to Washington to settle up some land claims. When he has had to leave his office on protracted absences he has left her in charge of affairs, and she has never failed him. She became famous a year or more ago when the Governor placed Copperfield under martial law for violations of the liquor laws. Miss Hobbs is only twenty-nine years old, but she has already done a great deal of work for womanhood—and there are plenty more who are just as capable as she is and are only waiting for a chance to help, too.—Leslie's.

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HOME TOWN HELPS

AVOID ALL WASTE OF GROUND

Italian Gardeners Utilize Space Which Americans Would Consider of Little Account.

Just outside the railway station at Springfield, Mass., is a row of tenement houses occupied by Italian families. Between them and the tracks is a garden, divided into long, narrow strips, each strip being tilled by one of the families. In the early morning and evening laborers from the factories may be seen busily at work in these small patches, some of which are not more than ten feet wide. In the daytime the women and children are busy in them. These Italians raise enough vegetables for their own tables and have a supply left for sale. It is intensive gardening. Not an inch of ground is wasted.

Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts have thousands of such patches and thousands of abandoned farms have been taken up and made highly profitable by these expert gardeners from Italy. They do it by wasting nothing. The refuse from their homes is returned to the earth, as nature intended that it should be. Chickens and pigs are made to fertilize unbroken ground, and the pigs root up underbrush and loosen stones. The simplest of implements are used, but the Italian gardeners know that constant attention is the secret of success.

Never a weed is allowed to sprout up; the soil is not allowed to go without hoeing and raking. The fence is a support for tomato, bean, pea and other climbing plants.

On an area smaller than that of the ordinary city backyard an Italian will grow vegetables enough to supply his table the year around.

TREE PLANTING AS A DUTY

Effective Way in Which Each Citizen May Take Part in Bettering the Community.

The man with a vision plants a fruit tree, and there is pictured upon the canvas of his mind the full grown, developed tree, laden with the fruit of its kind, painted and flavored with the richest colors and most delicious extracts, but he knows that before that picture can become a reality his hand must give that tree a fertile soil, the best cultivation, a scientific trimming and spraying for years. But nature thus assisted, does her part, and the tree, as the years go by, develops and in time produces its perfect fruit and rewards the labor of the tender.

But the tender took the greatest delight in his work, knowing that the time would come when his labor would bear its reward. His work was a work worth while, and the community in which he lived was made better for his work, for he who does nothing more than plant a tree by the wayside and tends it to maturity has done more for mankind than he who sits and dreams and talks great things of accomplishment, but does not a thing to bring them about; or even he who ever works at his task with stolid indifference to its great importance or unmindful of its pleasures.—"The Business of Farming," by W. C. Smith.

Lamp-post Gardens. Dame rumor says Minneapolis is out-classing all other cities in utilizing flowers to ornament the business streets. Last year window boxes and hanging gardens were introduced in the shopping thoroughfares, and there were more than 15,000 feet beautified in that way. This year, by private subscriptions, a fund has been raised to put 500 miniature gardens on as many lamp-posts and to keep them bright with blooms. "Flowers on lamp-posts would astound New Yorkers," says the New York Evening Mail, "and would certainly set the kids to climbing. How long would the lamp-post gardens last on the east side?"

Why City Planning Pays. It promotes trade by supplying direct and easy ways for the extension and development of commerce; fosters city growth by making it easier and cheaper to conduct all classes of business, increases and all classes of property values by preventing the many evils of haphazard building; makes every citizen a more efficient worker by saving time and money in transit of goods and people; and, above all, it assures to that city which adopts it, a future citizenship sound in body, mind and morals.

Prizes for Bibliophiles. A first edition of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll (C. L. Dodgson), fetched \$1,000 at Sotheby's in London. It was bought by Mr. G. D. Smith of New York, who also paid \$600 for Keats' "Poems," and \$390 for the same author's "Lamia," with Harrison Ainsworth's signature on the fly leaf, \$40 for Byron's "Poems on Various Occasions" (privately printed), and a great part of the edition destroyed by the author, and \$50 for Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe."

Vast American Industries. Private capital invested in timber lands, mills, logging railroads, and other forms of equipment in this country reach an enormous aggregate, and the lumber industry, which employs 739,000 persons and has an annual output valued at one and one-sixth billion dollars, is the third largest.

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First Floor Plan.

attractive by a fashionable window seat and a triple casement window in the front part of the room. There are a variety of these windows to choose from. Some are hinged at the side so that the sash may be opened inward like a door; in other, the sash is pivoted in the center, at top and bottom; some are hinged at the top; and still other designs are hinged at the side so as to open outward. Where the sash swings out, the fly screens are fitted on the inside, the advantage claimed being that you can hang curtains in any way you want them and not have them disturbed by opening and shutting the windows. Because such windows are becoming popular it is only natural to suppose that women like them. They certainly produce a stylish effect, and that goes a long way.

In building a house it pays to investigate the new things, both by reading and observation. You can always find a new house that contains some of the fashionable ideas, ideas that work into their designs. Some of these are very attractive and add very much to the appearance of a house, while others are simply suitable to go with certain combinations. The own

er is the one most vitally interested; but a little advice from a successful architect goes a long way, and lasts a long time afterward. You don't build a house every year. It pays to be careful.

Long years of experience in building medium-priced houses has demonstrated a few facts that everyone should know. For the health of the family, you must have good drainage, sufficient ventilation, and an abundance of sunshine. In the face of modern invention, every new house should be piped for gas, and for hot and cold water, and wired for electricity. Every house should contain provision for comfortable, easy heating; and every house should have a good bathroom. These things are essential, both for health and for comfort; to neglect them means to regret it as long as you live in the house. Other things are so important, and still desirable will suggest themselves, and may be

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GERMAN RETREAT AS SEEN FROM THE SKY

London.—The following dispatch comes from the Standard's correspondent in Paris: "The best view of the retreating German armies was obtained by a French military aviator, who, ascending from a point near Vitry, flew northward across the Marne and then eastward by way of Reims down to the region of Verdun and back again

in a zigzag course to a spot near Soissons. "He saw the German hosts not merely in retreat but in flight. "It was a wonderful sight," the aviator said, "to look down upon those hundreds and thousands of moving military columns, the long gray lines of the Kaiser's picked troops, some marching in a northerly, others in a northeasterly direction, and all moving with tremendous rapidity. "The retreat, the aviator declared, was not confined to the highways, but

many German soldiers were running across fields, jumping over fences, crawling through hedges, and making their way through woods without any semblance of order or discipline. "These men doubtless belong to regiments which were badly cut up in the fierce fighting which preceded the general retreat. Deprived of the majority of their officers, they made a mere rabble of fugitives."